

Good 228 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

TABLE TENNIS IS A WHIZZ

YOU haven't seen table tennis for a long time, huh? Used to play it as a kid, of course . . . in the days when they called it "ping pong" . . . well, if that's the case, young man, you're in for a surprise this evening.

Oh, no . . . I won't spoil your memories, just hang on to them as we make our way to the hall . . . in fact, maybe I can refresh them for you.

Only this morning I came across a newspaper cutting dated April 4th, 1930, which said: "Mr. James Gibb, inventor of ping-pong, died yesterday at St. Lawrence, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, at the age of 76. Mr. Gibb had to do a great deal of experimenting before he created ping-pong as the public knows it. He began one evening playing with champagne corks and cigar-box lids as bats. Next he tried indiarubber balls covered with white paper. These were not a success, so he had celluloid balls specially made. It took him some time to find someone sufficiently interested to launch the game. Eventually he persuaded some sports outfitters to take it up, and within a few weeks ping-pong became the rage."

Became the rage, huh? . . . well, well.

Do you remember those hollow skin (or was it parchment paper?) bats which really did "pong" whenever you hit the ball, and how they warped until they became almost scoop-shaped? Rather a homely sort of sound, wasn't it? Ping . . . pong . . . ping pong, as you made your great rallies . . . and just as things looked like going on for ever there was a loud "pop," and your last celluloid ball had burst in the fire.

Yes . . . that was fun, wasn't it? And a good idea to keep the family interest centred in the home, too.

Trouble was, of course, that whilst the "tournament" was in progress everything had to be cleared out of the room, as there was no spare "alley," and the only guy who had a real front seat was the laddie who danced in front of the open fireplace, like an international goalie, trying to prevent the valuable ball from committing suicide . . . he had a front seat all right . . . but his real seat . . . boy, oh boy! . . . he fairly wished he could swing THAT round to the front . . . coal was cheap those days.

Well . . . that's how I made the acquaintance of the game, anyway . . . can't say how you did, old chap . . . perhaps you were one of the lucky people who could devote a special room to the ping-pong table.

You weren't? Well then, it looks as though we start from scratch; but if you haven't seen the game since those days, I'm afraid I have the advantage of you.

Going in a funny direction, are we? . . . Where do you think we're headin' for? . . . a local pub?

Sorry, old chap . . . we are making our way to the Royal Albert Hall . . . yes, the Royal Albert Hall . . . table tennis has reached such gigantic dimensions that only such a large place can accommodate it.

Do you realise that there are no less than sixteen nations competing in these World Table Tennis Championships . . . that fifty Brit-

PING-PONG?

*Let me tell you
Says AL MALE*

YOU'RE TOO OLD AT 25!

ish interpreters and one hundred and seventy British referees are required to help see it through?

In the English Table Tennis Association alone there are 201 leagues, 3,800 clubs, and 60,000 registered players. . . I wonder if our friend, the late Mr. Gibb, ever anticipated such a boom in his little game of ping-pong? . . . Why . . . even in 1935 five thousand people were certain table and never reached those seats there . . . they are making their living out of table it because I found a less-vanishing too quickly for my tennis in Britain . . . the sport boosted game too fascinating to liking.

Created sales for 11,000 tables, leave.

the game, but the trouble is that with so many tables in action you simply cannot be at more than one at a time, so you have to sort of make up your mind whom you want to watch, and even then the chances are that you will stop at another table on the way to your original choice.

Of course, I've done it . . . Phew . . . quite a distance, unless the Lithuanian has a secret weapon tucked under the sleeve of his sleeveless vest.

On your way round you'll say? . . . amazing, find someone whose style appeals to you . . . or maybe isn't it?

upper hand . . . sort of "Stick it, youngster, and good luck to you" feeling . . . YOU know what I mean, don't you?

Right . . . we'll make our way to the lower regions . . . looks as though a crowd is gathering round one of those tables.

Phew . . . quite a distance, unless the Lithuanian has a secret weapon tucked under the sleeve of his sleeveless vest.

There they go.

Did you ever see such shots? Did you ever see such returns? In fact . . . did you ever see table tennis until now?

Barna . . . don't know how this kid has the pluck to do it . . . Lummy, the champion is going back four yards from the table to facilitate his lightning service.

Afraid this won't take long,

unless the Lithuanian has a secret weapon tucked under the sleeve of his sleeveless vest.

There they go.

Did you ever see such shots?

Did you ever see such returns?

In fact . . . did you ever see table tennis until now?

Barna scooped that one almost from the floor and placed it out of play in the bargain. "Zin" is playing like a wizard . . . just watch the shots he's risking . . . seems that he's no fool after all— even making a rally of it . . . Oh, no, it won't last long . . . rules limit rallies to twenty minutes, but nobody could go that distance with Barna . . . he's a lone traveller.

Zin seems to be getting the hang of Barna's back-hand; at any rate, he's managing to return it—ping, pong, ping, pong, ping, pong, ping, pong, ping . . . that's done it . . . Barna

led him to believe he'd got the upper hand of that back-hand,

and just as the kid was getting

confident the Hungarian slipped in a super-fast one right at the

opposite side of the table.

Still, that first set was Barna

21, Zin 15 . . . which would be

just fifteen more than I personally could hope to get.

Off again . . . Barna seems to be letting himself go now.

He's got the measure of the youngster and wants a "kill" as soon as possible.

Kid isn't so sure, though . . . still thinks he

might have a change of luck

and even beat the champ. to

a set, at any rate . . . Talk

about pluck . . . this boy

won't be scared, world champ.

or no world champ.

Boy, oh boy, did you ever

see such a variety of shots?

Drop shots, spinning shots,

half-volleys, all too fast to

record. (Two players have

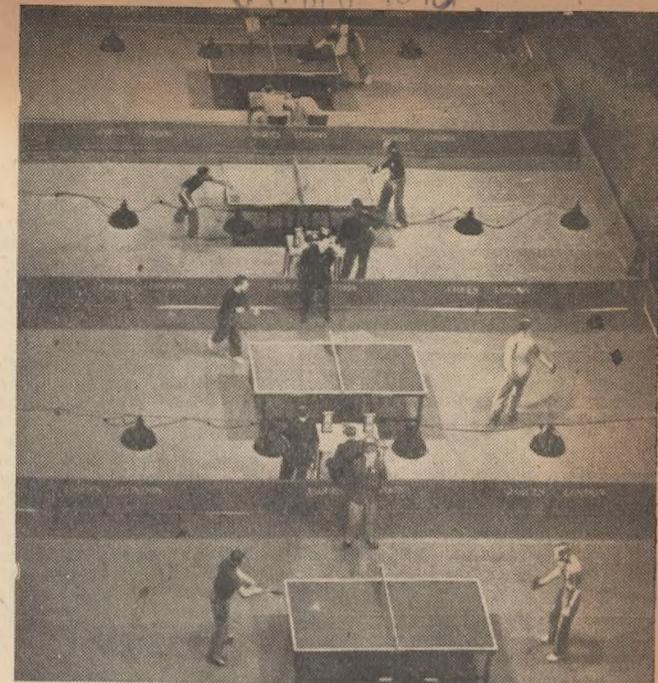
been known to play somewhere

round 1,600 strokes and each

run nearly two miles during a

twenty-minute rally.) Really

Hell! . . . I should hate to spellbinding, isn't it?



Barna has no mercy . . . After all, if this youngster registers a win over a champion, said champion's reputation suffers a set-back, doesn't it? He's running the boy off his feet . . . found his weak spot and attacking it like fury. . . Poor little devil, he knows he's on the run, but still hopes for an accident which might give him a break.

Hard luck, youngster . . . you're making a grand show, but you must remember that you are up against a champion . . . a world's champion at that. . . You did well to collect 14 points, and don't forget you are sure to have learned something from so great an opponent . . . there's nothing like a game with the "master" for teaching a fellow a thing or two . . . a "master" always plays his strokes perfectly . . . you couldn't have a better example.

Gosh . . . the kid is wet through with perspiration . . . had a gruelling time . . . shame that he has to go through another set.

Here they come for the third bout. Listen to the applause! . . . the youngster is getting . . . even Barna gave him a pat on the back as he passed . . . nice gesture that . . . I bet the boy will remember it for the rest of his life . . . to be complimented by a world's champion is something which doesn't happen every day.

Barna is opening with his lightning service; wants to get it over and save the Lithuanian a Marathon. Well, he's taken five points on the run . . . looks like a walk-over.

Not so easy, old chap . . . the boy knows he can't win, so he's in a position to risk anything . . . he's trying a new service. . . Well, there's nothing like trying it on a world-beater . . . if it beats HIM it is some service.

Ye gods! . . . Barna is confused . . . at least momentarily. . . Oh, he has got the mastery of it . . . bang it goes back, unreturnable. . . That was the kid's last card, and he'll probably fold up now.

Yes . . . he's sagging, but you can't blame him; he has put up a grand fight . . . pretty heart-breaking to hit up against a champion in your first game, isn't it? . . . Well done, youngster! You'll go places. Maybe in a year's time you'll be hitting the high spots.

Enjoy it? . . . Fine. . . Feeling sorry for the game 'un, eh?

It WAS hard luck, but don't forget the boy is having a fine holiday . . . perhaps he would never have left Lithuania had he not entered for this championship tournament . . . grand experience and globe-trotting opportunities for all, now that the game has become so internationally popular.

If what I overheard is true, your idol will be flashing those white teeth of his in the sunshine of Egypt next week . . . he's entered for the champion-ship meeting at Cairo.

Rather a far cry from the drawing-room game of ping-pong of forty or fifty years ago, isn't it?



"Go very, very carefully with Mr. C"

ARGENT reached for another cigarette and went on: "I first met her in Paris, a year or so after I'd qualified, quite fifteen years ago. She was a student; she can't have been much more than twenty. I had gone to Paris to study, too. From the first alcoholism and narcotics had interested me. But I didn't spend all my time in the hospitals. I dabbled a bit in painting myself, and I got in with one of the wilder painting sets.

"They interested me, and you're going to find me brutally frank—I found among them cases to study, dopes and drunks; mixing with them, I learned a lot of things I should never have learned in clinics or consulting-rooms. I saw them at it. I won't weary you with technical details, but I assure you that what I saw was painful—but immensely helpful. I'll put it this way: doctors, as a rule, only see patients when the harm is done. I saw and studied it being done."

Gwen was listening intently. "I see," she said. "I can understand."

"I wouldn't have told you if I hadn't been sure of that," he said. "Now Helen, she was clever. I liked her work and I liked her. But she was drink-

WANGLING WORDS—183

1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after VIAB, to make a word.

2.—Rearrange the letters of NO UGLY BRATS, to make a West country town.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BOWL into JACK, SONG into TIME, MARE into FOAL, WATER into WINGS.

4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from FANTASTICAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 182

1.—NONONO.

2.—WHETSTONE.

3.—SALT, SALE, BALE,

BALE, WILE, WISE, WISH,

FISH.

TURN, TORN, CORN, COIN,

COIL, TOIL, TAIL.

MOTH, MOTE, COTE, CORE,

FORE, FORD, FOLD, COLD,

COLT, BOLT, BOAT, COAT,

DOGS, COGS, CONS, CONE,

BONE.

4.—Arch, Char, Carp, Bash,

Ship, Arcs, Scar, Shop, Chip,

Chap, Chop, Cars, Crop, Crib,

Crab, Rich, Rash, Rasp, Ribs,

Rob, Bars, Scab, etc.

Chirp, Chair, Paris, Choir,

Roach, Parch, Sharp, Crash,

Crops, Chars, Carib, Porch, etc.

JANE



QUIZ for today

1. Suffolk Punch is a drink, boxing term, horse, engraver's tool, clown?

2. Who wrote (a) A Legend of Montrose, (b) Legends and Lyrics?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Pea, Parsnip, Spinach, Cauliflower, Endive, Lettuce.

4. What do the letters "E. & O.E." on an invoice stand for?

5. Who is Mrs. Sonnie Hale?

6. In lacrosse, how many players are there on each side?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Exquisite, Minature, Hazardous, Herony, Neice, Nephew.

8. What is the A.T.S. equivalent of an Army Corporal?

9. Does the Equator run through any part of India?

10. On what river does Lisbon stand?

11. Is 12.10 p.m. nearer to midday or midnight?

12. Complete the names: (a) —the Terrible, (b) —the Wake.

Answers to Quiz in No. 227

1. Antelope.
2. (a) W. Blake, (b) Dryden.
3. Flodden is in England; others in Scotland.

4. Aire.
5. Fifteen.
6. Charm.

7. Rehearsal, Humorous.
8. Cicely Courtneidge.

9. "Johnny Walker" whisky.
10. Shakespeare ("Henry IV").

11. Harpo, Groucho, Chico, Zeppo.

12. (a) Katherine, (b) William.

"Down here? Where?"
"On a yacht, which I understand he keeps at a place called Wodenbridge."

"Wodenbridge. I know it; it's not twenty miles from here."

"I was saying, it was in your part of the world," old Webb reproved him again. "Now, Mr. Hugh, there are some things better not said in detail, but I have gained the impression that Mr. C. has a questionable character in business matters. What his calling is now I cannot say, but it would appear that from time to time he is in funds, and then again from time to time he is not."

"Where does he live?" Merrow asked.

Webb said reprovingly, "Don't hurry me. Our client lives at Padstow Park, that new suburb out beyond Harrow, and he tells me that C. and his wife have recently

taken a furnished house there. He tells me he sees C. sometimes at the local hotel, but he believes he is away holiday-making at the moment down in your part of the world."

"He would be," Gwen retorted.

"Danvers knew her medical history," Argent said drily. "I told him when she went to Chelsea. I kept closer tabs on her, as the Americans say, than she suspected. That's why I want to help you."

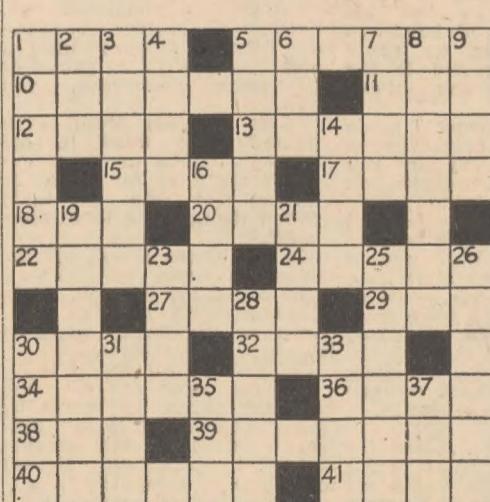
He saw her into her car and gave her a final admonition not

"Danvers became more human as he rang off. Take my advice, Hughie," he said, "leave the person in question very much alone. He's a bad egg, a very bad egg."

And that from John Webb was a major damnation.

(To be continued)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS

1. Rebuked.

5. Goes quickly.

10. Sort of bean.

11. Chopper.

12. Minute thing.

13. Cooking

statement.

15. Tidings.

17. Misfortunes.

18. Time before.

20. Hot weather.

22. Concise.

24. Nasty glances.

27. Attar.

29. Seine.

30. Endorsement.

32. Listen to.

34. Fishing eagle.

36. Young animal.

38. Part of shoe.

39. Lovable.

40. Last.

41. Marsh plant.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

LAP CHOWS

AROMA PROVE

CROON POLAR

KILT TOTING

VERASED E

LET EKE SIR

ASSESS C

SPICES TRIM

COLON PEACE

ADOPT APPLE

R RESIN SET

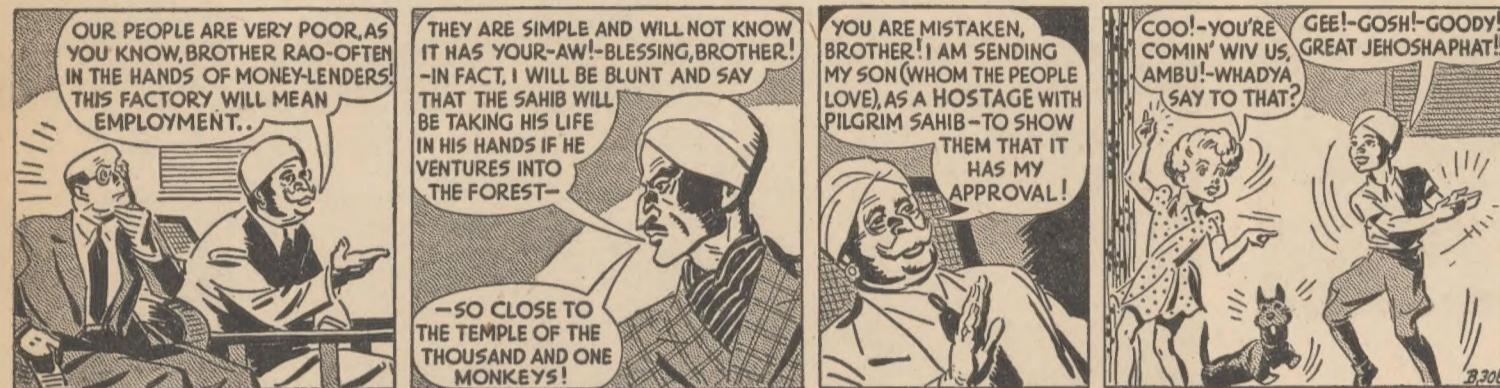
CLUES DOWN

1. Cottage. 2. Head covering. 3. Laundry employee. 4. Part of dollar. 5. Common animal. 6. Took food. 7. Appendix. 8. Examine. 9. Observes. 10. Quote in support. 11. Sharpen. 12. Flesh food. 13. Medicinal plant. 14. Mount high. 15. Dress. 16. Specified as. 17. Fragrant herb. 18. Ballot. 19. Hurried. 20. At a distance. 21. Corn spike. 22. Drink.

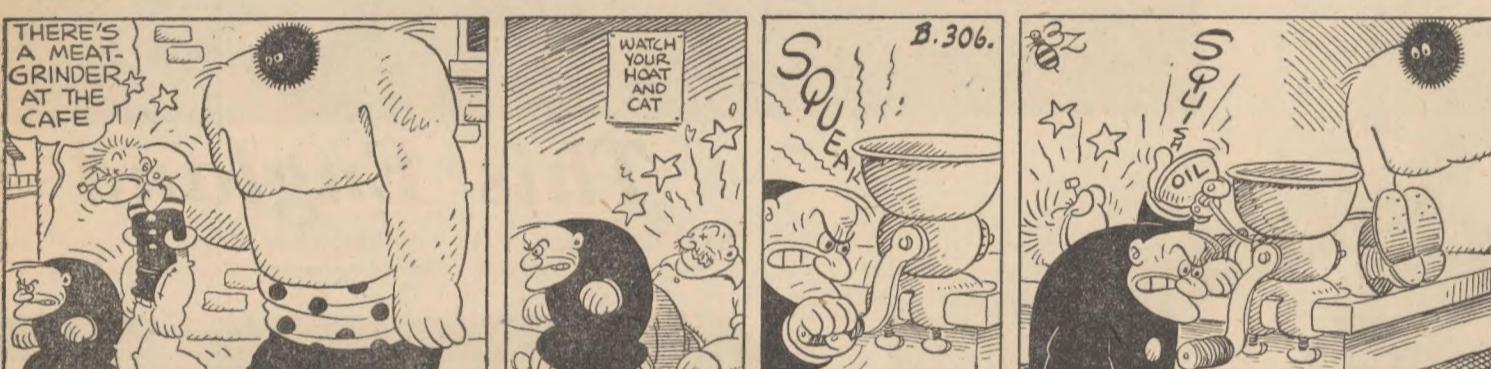
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Hardly Shipshape—No. 10

ROUND SHIPS

By E. W. DROOD

THERE was an excellent idea behind the Russian "round" ships—the provision of a flat, circular vessel to give a steady gun-platform.

They were stable enough in the shallow waters of the Baltic and the Black Sea, but they were wet ships, and they bumped, owing to their flat bottoms, in any sort of weather.

Nevertheless they had many features of interest, and facts and figures of two of them—the "Admiral Popoff" and the "Livadia"—are striking.

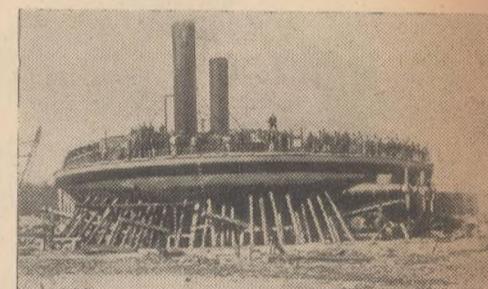
The "Popoff" was actually a circular armoured floating battery, built to the design of the Russian Admiral of that name at Nicolaeff in 1875. She displaced 3,553 tons, and had an extreme diameter of 121 feet. She was built of iron, sheathed with wood and coppered. Her double bottom was divided into 24 watertight compartments.

Four two-stage expansion vertical engines each worked an independent screw of 10½ feet in diameter; whilst four more, arranged and worked in pairs, drove the two remaining screws, which were much larger, their blades reaching below keel level.

When in shallow water, these larger screws, which were three-bladed, were fixed with the upper blades vertical, in which position, of course, the screws were above the ship's bottom. There was a single rudder of unusual length.

The central part of the upper deck was occupied by a circular breastwork of 18-inch iron, seven feet high. This sheltered two 12-inch 40-ton guns, mounted on fixed slides, and the guns were trained by turning the ship.

The side armour extended from the upper deck, 1½ feet above waterline to 4½ feet below. The upper deck was protected by horizontal armour 3in. thick. The height of the barbette above load water line was 13½ feet. The "Popoff's" draught was 13 feet.



A similar ship, the "Novgorod," was built in 1873.

The Imperial Russian yacht "Livadia" was built five years later by John Elder and Co., in Glasgow, to Russian Admiralty designs. The lower part of the hull was turbot-shaped, and contained the machinery and stores. The double bottom was 3½ feet deep in the centre and nearly flat. The deck was rounded above.

On top of the power hull there was a superstructure of more usual shape, providing accommodation for officers and crew. The Imperial quarters and those of the suite were on the upper deck, whilst an awning deck contained the spacious state saloons.

Each of the sets of two-stage expansion engines drove a four-bladed propeller, 16 feet in diameter. The "Livadia" did just 16 knots on her trials.

She had a displacement of 3,900 tons; length of 235 feet; breadth of 153 feet. The depth from the awning deck was 36.6 feet, and her draught was only 6.6 feet.

She was not broken up until 1926.

Hidden here are some animals. The letters are in the right column, but not in the right line. Can you find them?

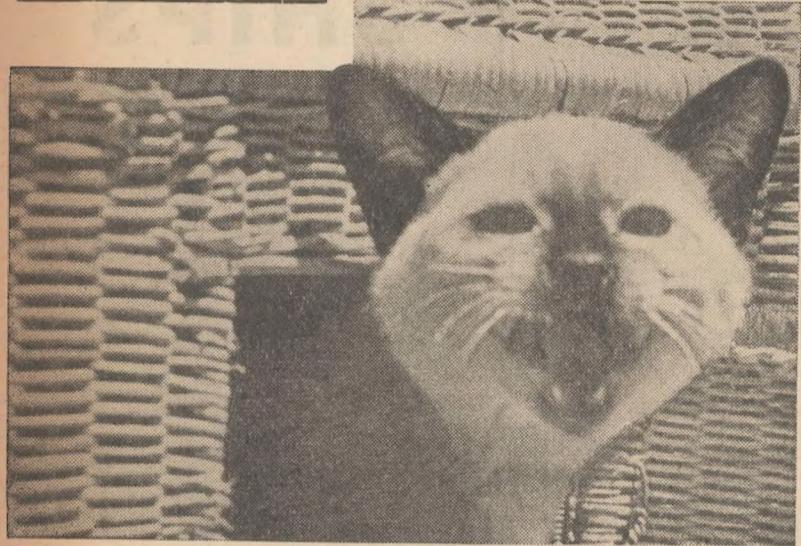
S L S P U A S T
M Q T G R E E O
E A U Q L R O H
A U I I E H O R
K E E E H R E L
H N D N D A N E
R E N G A O P G

Solution in No. 229.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

SO YOU WON'T
LET THE
CAT OUT, HUH?



This England

The village street at Finchingfield, Essex. Surely the ideal "street" for song-writers to rave about.



Just look at that centre kid's eyes — fair standing out, they are! Wouldn't yours if you saw a youngster knocking back a REAL EGG, with such gusto?

MISS ENGLAND

for three consecutive years. Edna Wood is now playing in "Sweet and Low" at the Ambassadors' Theatre, London.



TOP O' THE WORLD

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

